



The Grail

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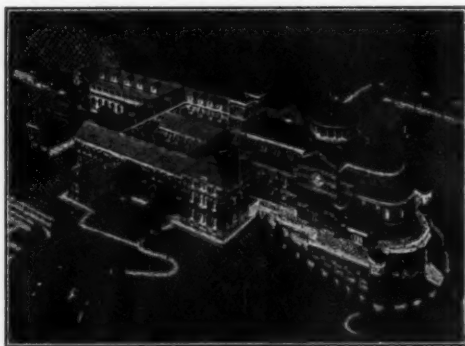
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The Grail

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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



O GRAIL Readers all over this country and across the waters, Greetings! In a new way do I wish to address you. But first let me offer a word of explanation. Over fourteen hundred years ago a great Man of God, St. Benedict, founded monastic life in the western world. He based monastic life on the basic principles of social existence and religion, on those rugged old virtues of

*Prudence, Justice, Fortitude,
and Temperance.*

With the precision and terseness of the old Roman legislator he drew up a Norm of Life called the "Rule of St. Benedict" that teaches men how to live an intensively human life—social life—Christian life. This little vest pocket law book or Holy Rule has grouped multitudes of men and women into cloistral communities. Of these St. Meinrad's Abbey is one, now eighty years in existence.

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ty designed by St. Benedict, who was filled with the spirit of all the just. It was never meant that THE GRAIL should make money for the Monastery. We have suffered from mercenary men who sought to make money on THE GRAIL; who as agents gathering subscriptions hurt more than helped our cause. We have set them aside entirely.

Dear GRAIL Readers, we want no one to stand between you and ourselves. We do not want to look upon you just as subscribers from whom we get a little money yearly for a magazine.

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Yours most cordially,

Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot

Bishop Brute and the Foundation of the Diocese of Vincennes

Peter Behrman, O. S. B.

NOTE: The story of Post Vincennes and of the Northwest constitutes one of the most charming portions of the early history of America. The spot has been chosen by our government as a beautiful shrine of historical interest. Inseparable from this history is the Old Cathedral, the cradle of liberty in the Northwest, and the vast diocese its Bishops originally ruled. On May 6 this diocese of Vincennes will celebrate its hundredth anniversary. Readers of THE GRAIL will therefore find the following pieces of double interest, since our Abbey is part of this diocese and has the work of preparing most of its candidates for the priesthood. Father Peter Behrman, O. S. B. and Father Cornelius Waldo, O. S. B. are members of our Abbey; Mr. Patrick Kilfoil, a theologian in our seminary, is a native of Vincennes—as is also

THE EDITOR.



HE earliest beginning of the diocese of Vincennes coincides with the foundation of the parish of St. Francis Xavier at Vincennes, Indiana, which probably took place in the early thirties of the eighteenth century. The founder of St. Francis Xavier's, we have reason to believe, was Father Senat, S. J., the same who in the campaign against the Chicasaws of 1736 was captured, cruelly tortured, and then killed by the savages. He could have found safety in flight, but charity and duty kept him at his post. The old adage "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christendom" seems to have come true in this instance. The martyred Father Senat of the early eighteenth century buried the Christian seed deeply in the soil of old Vincennes and watered it with his blood.

After his death, other missionaries came from time to time to the little corner of the Lord's vineyard on the banks of the Wabash to keep down the weeds of ungodliness and nurture the flowers of virtue. Then, a hundred years after the first planting, when God's own time had arrived to give the increase, Christ's vicar on earth, Pope Gregory XVI, sent thither a man of great zeal and virtue who viewed the vineyard and saw it white for the harvest. His apostolic heart was touched. From far and

near he gathered laborers and inspired them with some of his own zeal. Then he led them to the vineyard and the result of their labor and that of their successors are the hundreds of churches and other Catholic institutions that now dot the whole of the State of Indiana and the eastern part of Illinois. Father Senat had planted with his blood, Bishop Brute and his companions have watered; God in his own time has given the increase. The manner in which all this was brought about will be shortly described in the following pages.

From the time that the first missionary set foot within the confines of the later diocese of Vincennes until the latter part of the eighteenth century, this territory was a part of the diocese of Quebec. In 1789 it came under the jurisdiction of the Very Reverend John Carrol, Prefect Apostolic of the United States. When the see of Bardstown was established, Bishop Flaget became its bishop. This venerable Patriarch of the Middle West had already carved several dioceses out of the vast territory that had been placed under his jurisdiction at the time of his consecration, when around the year 1825 he began in all seriousness to consider the forming of a new diocese out of that portion of his own which lay north of the Ohio, viz., the whole State of Indiana and the eastern part of Illinois. The seat of this new see was to be at Vincennes. The other bishops of the west, Bishop Rosati and Bishop Purcel, favored his plan and therefore the matter was laid before the Second Provincial Council of Baltimore. The Council listened to the pleas of the western bishops and accordingly petitioned the Holy See to erect the new diocese, and it placed the name of the Reverend Simon Gabriel Brute at the head of the list of those whom it recommended as worthy and capable of heading the new diocese.

Simon Gabriel Brute de Remur was born
(Turn to page 10)

Where Is He?

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

Could you imagine a situation such as the following? An intellectual pagan comes to you and says: "Let me read something about your God." You give him the Bible. After some time he comes back to you and asks: "Where is he?" You ask: "Whom do you mean?" "The Spirit of Truth, who is supposed to be here according to the book which you gave me." "O yes, the Spirit of Truth. That is the Holy Ghost who assists the Church and keeps it from error, especially by assisting the teaching body of the Church." "And who may constitute the teaching body of the Church?" "The ministers of the Gospel." "How account for this?" he asks, handing you the Literary Digest of March 3, 1934. This contains some startling facts.

Of a large number of ministers who are supposed to be assisted by the Spirit of Truth, 54 per cent agree that there is no devil, 80 per cent do not want hell to be conceived "as a place of burning," 41 per cent are so doubtful of the existence of heaven as to ask that it be eliminated from Sunday-school teaching; 48 per cent believe in judgment day, 39 per cent do not and 13 per cent are undecided; 26 per cent deny the divinity of Christ, 72 per cent believe that Christ was God; 8 per cent express a disbelief in immortality. Specifically the pagan finds the following statistics:

"All the Lutheran pastors declared their belief in the devil, and a majority of more than two to one said they believed in a burning hell. But 44 per cent of the Congregationalists, 45 per cent of the Episcopalians, 70 per cent of the Methodists, 59 per cent of the Presbyterians and 24 per cent of the Baptists declared they do not believe in the devil. As to a burning hell, 96 per cent of the Episcopalians said they do not believe in it, and this was practically matched by the Congregationalists. The Baptist vote was nearly fifty-fifty, while Presby-

terians voted eighty-five to fifteen and Methodists ninety-two to eight against belief in fire and brimstone.

"The Lutherans said they were certain of the existence of heaven. But 44 per cent of the Congregationalists said they did not believe in its existence. In this they were joined by 26 per cent of the Episcopalians, 35 per cent of the Methodists, 28 per cent of the Presbyterians and 23 per cent of the Baptists.

"Concerning the authenticity of the Bible, Episcopalians, by a ratio of ninety-six to four, denied that everything the Bible tells about really happened just the way it was told.

Eighty per cent of the Lutherans, 63 per cent of the Baptists, 20 per cent of the Presbyterians and 9 per cent of the Congregationalists are convinced of the Bible's accuracy."

*Do you believe in statistics?
You will find some startling
ones in this article.*

After you have read the article, the pagan asks you: "Does this article represent the doctrine of all the ministers of the Gospel?" "Indeed not;" you answer, "it represents only those who are commonly called Protestant. What impressions did you receive in reading this article?" "Well, it seems to me that these ministers of the Gospel must be very poor disciples of the Spirit of Truth. Surely they have not understood." "How do you come to that conclusion?" "Well, if these ministers had understood, there would not be any disagreement among them concerning the most fundamental doctrines in which everybody is interested. There may be many truths, but there is only one answer to every particular truth. You mentioned that the article in the Literary Digest does not represent all the ministers of the Gospel. What others are there?" "The Catholic ministers, commonly called priests. Of course, no questionnaire was sent to them, for everybody knows that their answers would have been 100 per cent yes or no to every question proposed."

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Rainbow's End

Clare Hampton

CHAPTER XIX—DEBACLE

THE party reached Indianapolis, parked the mud-splashed car in a back street, and registered at an obscure hotel nearby. For a day and a night they had been on the road, stopping only to get gas and sandwiches, which they hastily ate in the car, but no one seemed to have followed them, or paid any attention to them. Myra, walking clumsily in the large, loose high shoes which belonged to the old woman called "Aunt Jinny," a faded calico skirt and waist, and a black knitted woolen cap, to say nothing of an aged tan coat with mangy fur cuffs and much smudged and be-spotted, tried to walk up the dark stairway without falling. The old woman walked beside her, and the three men came behind, followed by a slatternly young woman, evidently the daughter of the frowsy old man at the desk, who came to show them their rooms.

"Now this room is the largest," she said, opening the door of the first apartment. "Now this 'un ain't so large." The first had three windows and was quite roomy and airy, although the furnishings were dingy and the wall-paper spotted and soaked by many rains coming through a leaky roof. The second was nothing but a cubby-hole—two iron cots and no windows; a sky-light admitted what light managed to seep through the dust and dirt of years. Myra shuddered.

"We'll take the first room," said the chief. "The dames can have this one." Myra's hand flew to her lips.

"Not this one! There aren't any windows! We'll suffocate!"

"Shut up, you!" cried Red, roughly. "I said you take this room. See?" Taking Myra's arm, he led her in; the old woman followed submissively.

"That skylight opens," now volunteered the young woman, slipping her red, work-worn hands beneath her not very clean apron. If she thought anything at all about the chief's unchivalrous words, she gave no sign. Red

now closed the door and led the way to the larger room.

"If youse ladies want anything, jest press the bell-button on the wall!" now called out the young woman in a high, shrill voice. Red glared at her and she returned the glance indignantly; then walked away toward the stairs. Red waited until she had disappeared, then returned to the small room and opened the door.

"Did you two hear what the landlady says? Don't let me find out that either of you pressed that bell-button, or ye might find yerselves under the daisies sooner than ye want to be. Hear?" With that he closed the door again, locked it and put the key into his pocket. His two confederates, who had watched all this in silence, now entered the large room; Red followed, closed the door and locked it likewise.

"What a frightful room!" now said Myra, oppressed by the stagnant air. "If we could only get that sky-light open!"

"But it's still raining; it would rain in," protested the old lady.

"I don't care! I must have some fresh air! But how do you open the thing?" They both examined it from all angles, but the ceiling was high, and there was no chair in the room. Myra looked around; the floor was covered with a worn oil-cloth, not very clean, and the walls were white-washed, though not at a very recent date. The same tell-tale rain spots on the ceiling revealed the state of the roof in this room too. On the wall was last year's calendar with several months torn off, and vaunting a faded picture representing a small girl carrying a basket of kittens. Aunt Jinny now opened a door, which proved to be a closet.

"Here's a pole," she said, taking it out. "Maybe you can lift the sky-light with it."

"I do hope it isn't hooked," replied Myra, taking the pole and trying it against the wooden sash. At first it would not yield, so she pushed harder; a shower of dirt, black cobwebs and small pieces of plaster came down on her head. She leaped back to avoid them;

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Bishop Brute, Knight of the Eucharist

Cornelius Waldo, O. S. B.

IN view of the coming celebration at Vincennes, it is not without interest that one ponders the words of the fifth successor of Bishop Brute. On March 19, 1931, the Feast of his Patron, the late Most Reverend Joseph Chartrand penned the following beautiful lines:

"There is one figure in the early hierarchy of the Church in America, learned, fervent, gentle, unassuming, whose sanctity was generally and frequently acknowledged by his contemporaries and the people whom he served.

"Bishop Simon William Gabriel Brute, first bishop of Vincennes, for nearly a century has been accorded a singular veneration, which can be explained in no other manner than that his personality was of the highest and holiest type. His numerous letters and his memoirs reveal a mind unusually alert and a heart ablaze with love of God and man."

Thus spoke one of the greatest Bishops of our day. A contemporary Bishop, the venerable Flaget, has recorded of Simon Brute: "What modesty, humility, simplicity. All this edifies and at the same time confounds me. During the days I have been in the company of this successor of the Apostles, I have nothing to do but listen, admire, and bless Providence which attains its ends by inexplicable means, and which would seem to be pure folly in the eyes of the world. . . The somewhat singular figure of this excellent prelate, the perpetual motion of his fingers, of his hands, of his head and of his whole person while he relates something; his English with an entirely French pronunciation would seem to render him altogether unfit for the post to which he has been assigned, not to say laughable or ridiculous. . . But! My God! when he

celebrates the Holy Mysteries, when he speaks of Jesus Christ, of His love for men, of His continual spirit of sacrifice, my heart dilates, is inflamed like that of the disciples of Emmaus; I am impassioned, I then hope against all hope, and I anticipate miracle upon miracle to be wrought by this venerable Apostle!"

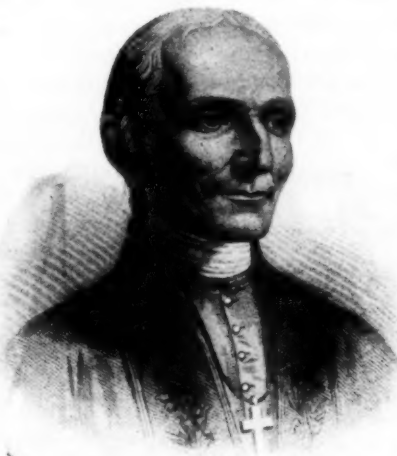
One may well wonder where Bishop Brute found the strength to carry on against the overwhelming odds he had to face. The answer lies in the fact that he was ever an ardent lover of Jesus in the Eucharist. As a child this devotion was already asserting itself. It was under the cloud of the bloody Revolution of France that he made his First Communion. Speaking of this he writes:

"Although I had attended the public schools for four or five years, I was an entire stranger to all improper notions. . . There were about 200 of us, of the first or second Communion, for it was the excellent custom of those times to make the second Communion with the same preparation as the first,

after a short spiritual retreat. I thank Thee, O My God, for the state of innocence and piety I was in the day I performed this most important act.

"The place where this Retreat was conducted was a long narrow room filled with benches. . . I do not remember anything in particular in regard to the instructions that were addressed to us, except that they were, as usual, on sin, death, judgment, the divine Sacraments, the happiness of serving God, and so on, and that they made upon us the impressions they were intended to produce. . . I remember that we were very much in earnest, and animated one

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Why Wasn't I Told Sooner?

Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert had the whole coach to himself until the train stoppd at Bide-a-wee. At the conductor's "All aboard," a blooming lad, trailed by his elder, bounced out of the station.

"Hurry on, Dad, you'll miss the train," was the youth's coaxing as he leaped to the first step without heeding the brakeman's footstool.

Amid smiles the priest was given a friendly greeting. At once Father Gilbert and Mr. Thayer became friends and ere long they were rapt in deep conversation. Ralph had given most of the seats a try-out before he settled down for a satisfactory view of the scenery.

As the train passed through Fairview, the conversation lagged. "Father, you are becoming so meditative, what's on your mind?" Thayer urged.

"Those boys at yonder school are occupying my attention," the priest rejoined.

"Haven't you seen school boys before?" was the teasing answer.

"Indeed I have, but boys of that age, like your own Ralph there, always excite my sympathy," Father Gilbert explained. "They have just reached that period of life in which they wake up to a new world: their nature begins to assert itself, their nerves are on tension, they become self-conscious and sentimental, their curiosity is aroused, unexplainable problems confront them, the world around about them seems out of sympathy and harmony with them. They simply can't adjust themselves. Nor does scarcely any one volunteer to help them make the adjustments."

"Father, you seem to insinuate that I am neglecting Ralph," Thayer said by way of justification, whilst a bit of crimson crept to his cheeks.

"I do not know what you are doing for Ralph," the priest went on, "but I do know what so many other fathers are not doing for their Ralphs, their Johnnies, and their Willies."

"What would you have us do, Father?" countered the man. "Would you want us to take our boys to the public lectures, where they would learn more than they are ready for? Would you want our boys spoiled?"

"Tickets, please! Tickets, please!" came as an interruption from the direction of the door.

"Since the conductor is out of the way, let me resume," said Father Gilbert. "You ought to get Ralph's confidence; remind him of what is facing him in life, in the very near future; sound him out to see whether or not the usual problems are not already vexing him; speak to him of the wonderful plans of the Creator; from God's viewpoint explain to him his own physical makeup; touch prudently upon the very origin of life; surround it all with a halo of sanctity; ask him to come to you with his doubts instead of going to the street gamins for their side of it."

Mr. Thayer became nervous. "Why, why, Father," he began vindicate his stand, "Ralph is too young to be told these things; secondly,

I should have neither the courage nor the knowledge to talk to him about such matters. On the other hand, would he appreciate my intrusion upon him in this way?"

"Now, now, brace up, man" was the heartening reply. "You are trying to throw a whole barrage of alibis. We shall have to take them one at a time. You say Ralph is too young. How old is he anyhow?"

"He is just fourteen past and hasn't even finished the eighth grade," that with an

The Fields of Peace

NORBERT ENGELS

*The fields of peace are empty now;
Unheeded is the solemn vow
Man made to man not long ago
That never more these fields should know
The sword, but only disc and plow.*

*Man is a futile thing, and Thou
Alone can teach Thy people how
With golden flakes of grain to sow
The fields of peace.*

*When may Thy bounty then allow
The leaves of green to fill the bough
Again of peace, its flowers grow,
Its candle, long extinguished, glow?
When shall the world with grain endow
The fields of peace?*

air of conviction on the part of Thayer, of the weight of his argument.

"Let me see," drawled the priest. "Fourteen just past and in the eighth grade. Too young, eh! I see you need statistics. Dr. M. J. Exner, who placed a questionnaire into the hands of a thousand college men, learned that 87.6% of the boys had received permanent sex impressions before their thirteenth year. In a prominent Catholic High School of 900 boys a similar questionnaire revealed that 90% of the lads had been enlightened on the sex question before reaching the eighth grade. Hence, the fact is that the ordinary boy of Ralph's age has already been informed. By whom?"

A shrug of the shoulder was Thayer's only answer.

"I shall tell you," continued the priest. "The same Dr. Exner holds that 91.5% of the boys receive their knowledge regarding these intimate problems of life from unwholesome sources. In the Catholic High School referred to before, of the 910 boys 761 or 83.7% obtained their instruction from their companions. Now, tell me is Ralph too young to be instructed by you or any competent authority who takes God's angle of the matter?"

Chewing away at an unlit stogie Mr. Thayer shook his head. In a tone which still betrayed his uncomfortableness he broke out; "No! no! I don't know how to do it nor could I do it."

"Well," Father Gilbert proceeded encouragingly, "there are two things you could do. You could instruct yourself on the point of helping Ralph and your other boys, later on, by reading one or the other booklet on the matter; or you could play such a booklet into his hands and then have him to come to you with his questions."

"I'd dread those questions," this from the man still shaking his head.

"Well, send him to me then," Father Gilbert broke out almost impatiently.

"Father, would he appreciate it all?" was the skeptical question.

"Appreciate it? I should say he would," stressed the priest with a pounding of his fist. "In my many cases of experience I haven't found a single boy who did not appreciate the information given in a sane way. Such boys usually find great relief in the new revelation

or in the correction of their views. 'It is comforting' is a frequent remark on their part. Only one regret is generally expressed: 'Why wasn't I told sooner? I could have avoided many a blunder and many a slip.'"

"Hill City! Hill City! This way out!" was the raucous announcement of the brawny brakeman.

"Are you going to make your stay in Hill City a long one, Father?" said Mr. Thayer in a tone which betrayed his worry.

"Oh, I shall stay probably several weeks."

"Fine, Father, I will send Ralph around to see you tomorrow. May I?" pleaded Thayer.

"Certainly, I shall be glad to have him," was the assuring answer.

"Good evening, Father," was the cheery greeting of Ralph Thayer. "Dad sent me to you for a chat."

"Yes, Ralph, your father and I discussed your case on the train yesterday," the priest replied in a very kind, sympathetic tone.

"I knew it, Father, though I didn't let on," was the response given with a twinkle of an eye. "Dad thinks that I am not posted. But I do want to get things right, Father. I noticed that you were so interested in me and in boys in general. Hence, even if Dad and you had not paved the way, I should have liked to come anyhow. Father, there is many a boy like me that is just aching to get to talk with some one who is in sympathy with us. Father, here are some of my difficulties."

"Yes, Ralph, I understand," assured Father Gilbert, after the lad had finished. "You see God is the author of human nature; He has a plan here as in everything else; there is nothing indecent about the whole affair; indecency results only from abuses and from violations of God's commandments. God's plan is so wonderful. We cannot help but fall down in adoration

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Bishop Brute - Diocese

(Continued from page 4)

March 20, 1779, at Rennes, France, in the palace of the Parliament. In a way, though not in the sense it is ordinarily taken, he may be called a child of the French Revolution, for he lived through it unscathed in soul and body and deeply impressed with the vanities of this world. During the height of the Revolution his mother shielded him from republican influences by making him work in the family printing establishment on the plea that in her straitened circumstances she could not do without his help. During these troubled days the nobleness of young Brute's character showed itself in many an act of kindness towards poor persecuted priests. A number of times he was privileged to carry the Holy Viaticum to poor prisoners that were soon to be guillotined.

After finishing his education in the common schools, he spent two years at college in his native city. Then he spent almost five in preparation for the medical profession. So well did he acquit himself of his studies that he captured the first prize contested for by over a thousand competitors. The gateway of honor now stood open to him. Even Napoleon took notice of him. But the horrors of the Revolution had taken out of him all taste for worldly ambitions. His heart yearned for spiritual conquests, and therefore he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. After another five years of intensive study he was ordained priest June 10, 1808. Two years he now spent in teaching at the seminary of his native city, but a voice within him calling him to the foreign missions would not be silenced until he had consented to follow it. It was Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, appointed, but not yet consecrated, that had pointed out to the young priest the field white with the harvest in America. It was also in company with this good Prelate that he sailed for America, June 10, 1810.

For twenty-two years Father Brute now was more or less a light hidden under a bushel. His influence was, however, of importance to the early Church of America. The yeast of piety, learning, and zeal that he instilled for twenty-two years into the seminarians of St. Mary's, Baltimore, and Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, and through his voluminous correspondence with Bishops and priests, worked indeed in a hidden manner yet none the less effected much real good for the early American Church.

It was in the latter part of the year 1832 that Father Brute first received intimation that he was thought of for the diocese of Vincennes. His mind was troubled. He did not consider himself fit for the position, and he tried to convince others to think likewise. He reminded them of his declining years. He told them that he had been a professor all his life, that he was not a practical man, and he claimed that he had not yet learned to speak English. But the Bishops of the west, Flaget, Rosati, and Purcel, were determined to have him, and the members of the Second Provincial Council of Baltimore acquiesced, and so his name was placed at the head of the list that went to Rome.

Some Bishops of the East were inclined to hold Father Brute's own opinion regarding his unfitness for the episcopacy. Their opinion is caustically voiced in the April, 1834, issue of "The Shepherd of the Valley" in which the terse announcement is made: "No disappointment was made as yet for Vincennes." When the Papal Bull appointing him Bishop finally arrived, he was for several weeks undecided whether to accept or refuse the honors, or rather the burdens so belatedly thrust upon him. But after he had sought light from on high in a fervent retreat, and after being again urged by the Bishops of the West to accept the responsibilities of the episcopacy, he saw the finger of God and immediately made preparations for his consecration.

The Bishop-elect left for the West on September 15. At Bardstown he tarried long enough to make his retreat under the direction of Bishop David, and then in the company of Bishops Flaget and Purcel he traveled by stage to St. Louis. There, at St. Louis, in the new Cathedral dedicated just two days previously,

(Turn to page 14)

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Bishop Brute - Knight*(Continued from page 7)*

another by our remarks, and by our expressions of respect towards the good Priests who conducted our Retreat, especially Mr. Carron and Mr. Desbouillon—this last a saint of goodness and penance, and zeal, and charity towards the poor, and a heavenly preacher—but a small, ugly, odd looking man, so that some of us burst out into a laugh at a curious comparison which he made, and the strange gesticulation by which it was accompanied. Oh! how sorry we were, and when the instruction was over, we went to him and asked his pardon, which he so kindly and cheerfully gave. He is dead long since, and, I have no doubt, a Saint in Heaven. Whilst other particulars have vanished, the general impression the Retreat made is still strong in my memory. I remember, however, the many sittings by the Confessional of Mr. Carron, in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in our huge Gothic Church of St. Germain; the small statue of our Blessed Mother, in a white and blue mantle on the altar, and the last evening when I received absolution; the effort to make a good act of contrition, and the earnest desire for a good Communion, a good death, and heaven, and then going to say the 'Miserere' on my knees on a huge tomb near the High Altar, where we were to receive our Lord the next morning. The events of the next day it would indeed be hard to forget; the early rising, the prayer for the soul of my dear departed father, the benediction—asked from my mother on my knees—the spirit of recollection and devotion which I cherished in view of the important act I was about to perform; somewhat disturbed by the anxiety of our good Mr. Leblanc in regard to my dress and 'frisure,' and the huge candle I was to carry. I remember singing the Cantic of Fenelon, *Mon bien aime ne perait pas encore*, the departure for Church—all seated in rows so near one another, yet such good order and silence, so much fervor in singing the Canticles, such an indescribable suspense and delight of the heart until the moment should come to receive: but before doing so, reciting, in front of all, the act of Consecration, with Therese Champion for my companion, as representative of the girls. Twenty years afterwards when I returned to France, I found her still

so faithful in her perseverance, so devoted to our blessed Lord. It seems strange to me now that all distinct remembrance of the act itself is lost. I am sure it was all Faith, and pure desire of union with God and the thanksgiving afterwards, I only remember the sincerity and ardor of the offerings. . . . the return home with poor Lamirel, the lad put to the charge of my mother, who for many years after that until he had got his trade, fulfilled towards him that happy duty, imposed that day upon all the young Communicants belonging to the more respectable families of choosing from amongst the poor a 'brother of Communion,' to be taken care of and brought up as a member of the family. My heart is full when I think of that day—thanks, thanks, O My God!"

The elder Brute, before his death, was Superintendent of the Finances of the Province for the king; being a French nobleman and holding this office, he and his family occupied apartments in the Parliamentary House at Rennes.

"We lived then," says Bishop Brute, "in the Parliament House of Brittany—a large and on the whole a noble pile of buildings. It so happened that the Chapel of the Palace was situated immediately over our apartments. Forty or fifty granite steps led up to an immense gallery fronting on the public square. This gallery or hall was used for public meetings. At the end, over our apartments, as I have said, was the Chapel. Generally it was a solitude, for usually Mass was only celebrated in it once a year, at the opening of the Courts of law, after the vacations, when a Mass of the Holy Ghost was said to invoke a blessing on their labors; sometimes, though very seldom, for other purposes. One of my earliest and faintest recollections was assisting at Mass there when my elder sister was married. I was then only four or five years old. So near a church, as it were, under

*(Turn to page 15)***ZIEMER FUNERAL HOME**

PHONE 2-4631

819 FIRST AVENUE

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

The Oldest Witness

Patrick Kilfoil

THIS is the story of a bell, a small but very extraordinary bell—the Liberty Bell of the Old Northwest. It seems that this bell was brought from France in 1742 and—but perhaps we would do well to let the bell tell its own story. It is far better at story-telling than we are; and the tale that it has to narrate is one that should be of interest to us all.

"I am about 200 years old and yet my voice is as clear and strong as the day I sang my first song from my, what I then thought to be, lofty position in the belfry of the little log church of St. Francis Xavier. That was back in 1749. I can't remember much of my history before that time; the days of childhood are always a bit obscure and my case is no exception. They tell me that I spent my early days in France and that I was brought to Vincennes ten years after its founding. Upon the completion of the first log church—the first church building in Indiana—they placed me in the belfry and then it was that life really began as far as I was concerned.

"I remember looking about me on that first day and was surprised at what I beheld. Old Fort Sackville on the Wabash was immediately in front of the church at a distance of about a hundred yards. Between the church and the fort was the old French cemetery, employed as such by the creoles for over a century afterwards, while in the rear of the church was the small hut used by the priest as a pastoral residence. Scattered here and there about the church and rectory were the few tiny log and adobe cottages that made up the entire village of Vincennes. Beyond the village there was nothing but wilderness.

"During the periods that I was not busy ringing out the Angelus or calling the faithful to worship, I had sufficient time to observe events as they happened about me. I saw things that made me sit up and take notice; literally, I saw history in the making. I saw Catholicism rise from the small log church beneath me and spread throughout the length and breadth of the old Indiana Territory. I saw the terrific

struggle that those early priests had in keeping body and soul together and their none the less trying struggles with the obstinate savages and obdurate creoles—struggles that resulted in the winning of the West for God and man.

"Those were the stirring times! The flags of three nations I saw floating over the square-houses on old Fort Sackville. There was the flag of France until 1763. Then the flag of England until that memorable day when Father Gibault gathered the townsfolk into the church, won them over to the American cause, and administered the oath of allegiance. The English recaptured the fort and held it until George Rogers Clark and his heroic frontiersmen came creeping in on that cold February night in 1779. I can never forget that night. Nor the next day when Clark and Gen. Hamilton held their famous conference in the street in front of the church. Right beneath my very feet they were. I heard it all. And when a few hours later Hamilton surrendered and the American flag was raised over the fort, I sang out until I thought my heart would burst. Clark had captured the Northwest and I was announcing the fact to the world—I was the Liberty Bell of the old Northwest.

"After that, life went on in much the usual way until 1785, when Father Gibault built a new log church much larger and finer than the old one, and I was again given the place of honor in the belfry. I went about my work with a will, joyously calling the faithful to the services of God, day after day, month after month, and year after year.

"I was rewarded for my services over half a century later. Bishop de la Hailandiere it was who rewarded me. You see, Father Champomier was appointed pastor of St. Francis Xavier in 1823. This enterprising and zealous pastor, seeing the sad state of destitution into which the church property had fallen, desired to erect a new building that would be worthy of the name "House of God." Notwithstanding the poverty of the congregation and the difficulty

he experienced in collecting donations in Illinois, Missouri, and Kentucky, Father Champomier succeeded in laying the cornerstone of the new building March 30, 1826. The old log church in which I took such pride was left standing until the brick walls of the new one were up and roofed and ready for use about 1830. "Four walls and a roof" describes the new church perfectly, for it was little more at that time. It was unplastered, without sacristy or sanctuary, and possessed only the smallest of crude wooden altars. It had not even a steeple tower for me to grace. There was no money with which to erect one.

"Things were in this condition when the Diocese of Vincennes was created with Bishop Simon Brute as the first ordinary in 1834. I was on hand when the learned bishop arrived at the See of his diocese. That was one of the happiest moments of my life. It is not given to me to describe how that saintly man literally killed himself working for the salvation of souls; others have described it far better than I can possibly do. But I did see the poverty that he bravely endured, the small two-room shack that served him as an Episcopal residence, the struggles he had in keeping alive the tiny spark of faith that remained in the hearts of the townsfolk. True it is that the bishop did nothing to complete the construction of his cathedral. He realized that other things were more pressing. Within two years he had established two free schools (the beginning of the free school system in Indiana), an ecclesiastical seminary, a college, a girls' academy, and an orphan asylum. There was no money left for the church building.

"This saintly man of God passed to his re-

ward in the summer of 1839 and was succeeded by Bishop Celestine de la Hailandiere, at



A Child's Wish

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

*O Mary, Mother, oft in prayer I
knelt
Before thy image in its altar
shrine
And gazed with rapture on thy
Child Divine,
Whilst in my throbbing heart
I felt
An ardent longing in my arms
to hold
Thy Babe, my Jesus, God and
All.*

Fulfilled

*No longer for this privilege I
pray.
A greater grace now Jesus
grants to me—
Not in my arms, but in my heart
so wee
He rests each morn at break
of day.
Oh, with my arms, my memory
and will,
I'll hold Him tight and never
let Him fall.*



that time the youngest Catholic bishop in the United States. He it was who, in addition to his other pious works, finished and decorated the cathedral. The steeple tower was completed and I was rewarded for my years of faithful service by being placed in the belfry, some 145 feet above the heads of the poor mortals who were forced to spend their lives walking the earth. This same bishop constructed the crypt beneath the cathedral and placed herein the mortal remains of Bishop Brute. He also built a small library building next to the church for the housing of the valuable volumes left by Bishop Brute. Today this library building contains over 5,000 volumes, half of the number being printed before 1700. The oldest book is dated 1476. Here are preserved such treasures as the Missal of Father Gibault, the Mass vestments of Bishop Brute, sections of the adobe roof of the old log church, the baptismal font of the same, an original letter of St. Vincent De Paul, and numerous other articles equally as valuable.

"Because of failing health Bishop de la Hailandiere resigned his post in 1847 and spent his remaining days in retirement in his native France. In accordance with his last request his remains were brought from France in 1882 and deposited in the crypt of the cathedral alongside those of his predecessor, Bishop Brute.

"The appointment and consecration of Bishop de la Hailandiere's successor, the Rev. John Stephen Bazin, gave me cause to again ring out with wild

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Bishop Brute - Diocese

(Continued from page 10)

the Apostle of Indiana was consecrated on October 28, 1834. The consecrator, was none other than the "Nestor of the Hierarchy of the West," Bishop Flaget, the same who had twenty-three years previously persuaded the young Father Brute to come to America.

As soon as the festivities connected with the dedication of the Cathedral were over, the new Bishop, in company of Bishops Flaget and Purcel and several priests, hastened to Vincennes. The party arrived at Vincennes at noon on Wednesday, November 5. A deputation of citizens of various creeds headed by the Reverend Lalumiere escorted the new Bishop across the Wabash into his Episcopal city. In the evening the installation took place with as much solemnity as circumstances of time and place would permit. After Bishop Flaget and Bishop Brute had spoken in French, Bishop Purcel gave an eloquent discourse in English. Solemn services were continued through the week and closed on the Sunday following when Bishop Brute pontificated for the first time in his Cathedral.

After such a festive Sunday there dawned a rather bleak Monday for the new Bishop of Vincennes. The visiting Bishops returned to their Sees and the missionaries to their respective posts, and thus the poor Bishop, newly wedded to the poorest of dioceses, was left literally alone and forsaken in his vast diocese of 53,000 square miles. The only priests that belonged to him were Father Lalumiere, at Montgomery, fifty miles away, and Father Ferneding, at New Alsace, about one hundred miles away.

Alone indeed, and almost penniless, for his purse of \$240, a donation of the Sisters of Emmitsburg, was well nigh depleted by the expense attending his consecration. His Trustees, who up until now had not been able to

raise enough funds to support a priest, kept shy of him for fear that they would certainly not be able to support a Bishop. His Cathedral, the present "old Cathedral," consisting then of four bare wells roofed over, unplastered, with pillars and roof beams still in the rough and exposed, and his "palace," a two-room cottage twenty-five feet by twelve, were the only two brick buildings in Old Vincennes.

Yet amidst all this desolation and deprivation, the good Bishop did neither fret nor flury; he was calm and resigned, for he was truly a man of God and he trusted in Divine Providence. At the same time he was far from being idle and inactive. He studied his position. He wrote many letters; and he laid his plans for the future. By the beginning of spring his mind was made up as to the course he would pursue during the coming year. He would first make a visitation of his diocese in order to acquire an accurate knowledge of its needs, and then he would appeal in person to Europe for assistance.

The Bishop started his visitation tour on April 29, 1835. He was away from Vincennes nearly four weeks, and covered nearly 600 miles on horseback. He visited Danville, Chicago, Michigan City, LaPorte, South Bend, and two villages of Catholic Indians on the northern Indiana border; then he proceeded down the Wabash to Logansport and Lafayette and the numerous towns above Terre Haute. Meanwhile the eastern portion of the diocese including Fort Wayne, New Alsace, Dover, and numerous other towns was being visited by Father Lalumiere. Everywhere there met the eyes of the Bishop and of his faithful assistant sights of homesteads under construction, of new towns springing up and of cities growing so fast that they seemed to have the ambition to outgrow the largest cities of the East. Everywhere the Bishop too viewed "the country white with the harvest," and he perceived with pain, as he himself asserts, the great spiritual want and the great need of laborers who were so very, very few; and he prayed earnestly on his journey that the Lord might send laborers into his vineyard.

(To be continued)

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, give us grace to love Thee with our whole soul, with all our mind, and with all our strength.



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Bishop Brute - Knight*(Continued from page 11)*

the Altar and amidst the pillars which supported it, did I enter upon life, and nearer still, afterwards, did persecution bring the precious Altar of our Lord."

After the death of his father came the "Terror." Madame Brute always harbored priests during the Revolution in spite of the fact that the penalty for doing so was death. Bishop Brute continues: "Under that Chapel, and more precisely still, in the room immediately beneath its sanctuary, did we erect our secret altar during the dark days of the Revolution, where two venerable priests, venerable by their age and still more by their pure, blameless and fervent lives, officiated. They were concealed in our apartments with all that awful and anxious privacy which their own safety and our own prescribed. One of them, Father de Rosaire, a Dominican, the Confessor of my mother for many years, about 78 years of age, with a head of snow-white hair, the calmest features I ever looked upon, the simplicity of a child in all his ways; the other, Father Pacific, somewhat younger, say 75, a Capuchin, once much revered in the order, and holding positions of authority and confidence, a man of higher talents than Father de Rosaire and of equal virtue. In that room they both slept and lived, and there also they offered the Holy Sacrifice. Each morning when they had finished their early private devotions and preparatory exercises, my mother, having seen that all was ready, called the family together and led them to that sacred room;

one or two only left to keep watch and give notice in case of any alarm. For two years, or nearly two years, Mass was thus celebrated in that room, beneath the Chapel of the Parliamentary House, then utterly profaned and made a den of thieves, being a part of the Bureau of the Revolutionary

Committee. At one time indeed turned, if possible, to a still worse purpose, for one of the three Tribunals which supplied the Guillotine with victims took possession of it, and for a while profaned the sacred name of Justice within those walls where the divine Sacrifice had been so often celebrated. All the ornaments which marked its sacred use were profaned and broken down, so that scarce a trace was left of its original purpose. Afterwards, in better times, they were replaced and the Chapel again used as before the Revolution."

When it was impossible to have a priest, Madame Brute supplied the Holy Sacrifice as well as she could. The family would gather in the drawing room, and she would read the prayers. "All stood at the Gospel, we stopped in silence at the time marked for the Consecration. . . . Oftentimes while kneeling there we could hear the sound of drums from afar, and sometimes under our very window, as the troops came for a review in the Square before our residence and not infrequently we were disturbed by the noise and tumult attending upon the capture of a priest, or other persons obnoxious to the authorities, and whom they were bringing to be executed. One object of horror was always there, the Guillotine, which stood 'en permanence,' as they called it, on the Square near the Tribunal, and upon which every day some victim of the revolution was sacrificed, not infrequently persons well known to us, or related to us. Among such scenes and under the influence of such events and associations it was that we performed our religious duties as well as we could."



Do you envy the mothers of these newly-ordained priests?

You can become a spiritual mother of a priest by helping him reach his goal.

How? Turn to page 23.

Such a strenuous religious training was bound to bear fruit. If Brute was in love with his Eucharistic Lord when, disguised as a baker's boy, like a second Tarcisius, he carried the Blessed Sacrament to the prisons to those condemned to die, how much more so must he have been in love with

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The Editor's Page

WE CELEBRATE



ES, magazines have birthdays too. Of course, there is not much celebrating done, with the exception possibly of a certain amount of jubilation on the part of the publishers that, though the much-heard-of wolf has been sniffing confidently beneath the door and looking possessively into the windows, he has not up to now played his anticipated havoc. Hence we are happy in that THE GRAIL is still alive and able to carry on in spite of all the hard times it has seen.

Then, too, it gives us joy on this anniversary to call to mind the many faithful friends THE GRAIL has throughout our whole country and even in foreign lands. We appreciate them highly, hope to keep them, and to add to their number.

How do this? We think we have hit upon a good way. Up to now THE GRAIL has been desirable but somewhat out of reach for many. Three dollars a year has seemed a prohibitive price; has made THE GRAIL somewhat of an aristocrat which could not mingle among average folks, who, after all, form the principal support of all good things.

The price having been lowered to one dollar, one may ask how we can now afford to publish THE GRAIL for this very low price. The answer to that involves some "inside" facts, having to do with the matter of getting subscriptions.

There is the matter of agents. Now agents do not work for nothing; they must have a "cut" out of the subscriptions they get. There went part of the \$3.00. Then, added to the good qualities of the magazine, a "bait" was offered in the form of premiums. Those things cost money—another part of the \$3.00. However, even with all these aids, subscriptions did not come in as they should have. The wolf grew bolder.

So now what? Well, we have decided to let THE GRAIL strike out for itself—sans agents, sans premiums; to save our readers the price of them; to make THE GRAIL be its own agent and its own premium—in other words, quit playing the aristocrat in its apparent aloofness (of price); keep all its good qualities and go out and do good among all. Hence it has dressed itself in less costly yet neat and respectable clothing, and now seeks admission to all homes at less than ten cents a month.

If you will thumb through the pages of this issue, you will see that a good many of the writers have O. S. B. after their names. This of course

means that they are Benedictines, and, in this case, they are not only priests, but are engaged in the exalted work of training young men for the priesthood. Now, if anyone is qualified to speak and write with authority on things pertaining to religion, certainly these men are.

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

TE A BIRTHDAY

Humph (or some such thing), you will say. Dry old professors! They can't interest me. No? Then you possibly do not understand that these men have to be constantly on the alert as to what is going on in the world, so as to prepare their charges for their future apostolate in the priesthood. The Church can never afford to be "behind the times." Our Holy Father himself gives us the example of keeping one's finger on the world's pulse, of diagnosing its ailments, and of being ready to prescribe the proper remedies. Like him, our bishops and priests must be ever wide awake and active in applying Christ's teachings to the needs of a fast-changing world.

But are not Christ's teachings old—old fashioned? Indeed they are old, being based on truths that are eternal. But they are by no means old fashioned in the sense that they do not belong to modern times. O how the world needs them now perhaps more than it ever has needed them! God alone knows what is going to happen if the world continues to ignore these teachings. Men have brought business, government, the family—security and happiness—to wreck and ruin simply by trying to get along without true religion and the noble things it teaches—honesty, charity, purity. Our leaders are beginning to see the reason for the catastrophe. Some seek the remedy in legislation—futilely. Others more correctly seek it in religion. And we know that there is but one religion which has kept the truth. So we may truthfully say that the hope of society today rests on this one thing only: The reconstruction of business, government, living on the teachings of Christ.

**The old
and
the new**

Our purpose in publishing THE GRAIL is single and simple: we want it to be welcomed into *the home*; we want it to be read by all the members of *the family*. The family, after all, is the solid foundation of the nation. Given ideal families, we have ideal states.

**Why
The Grail?**

It is the purpose of THE GRAIL, then, to be a voice from this Benedictine family to your family, showing you the beauty of this life and how, by trying to come close to it, your family will find security and happiness and be a source of edification to others. Thus by spreading Christian living among many families, THE GRAIL will be a real apostle of Christ and, we humbly hope, aid very much in the needed reconstruction of society.

THE GRAIL began as a magazine devoted to the Blessed Sacrament. We intend to keep it so. But with that we may take in the full range of Catholic doctrine and practise, having as our one aim to gather Christian families to our Benedictine family living and worshipping at the source and life of religion, the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ in the Tabernacle.

Kmeery Korner

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Is Christel a Saint's name?

Christel is the German diminutive form of the name Christina, which latter, of course, is the name of a Saint.

I would like to have a criticism of Luther's version of the Scriptures by a Protestant writer.

In his History of Literature Hallam writes: "The translation of the Old and New Testament by Luther is more renowned for the purity of his German idiom than for its adherence to the original text. Simon has charged him with ignorance of Hebrew; and when we consider how late he came to the knowledge of that or the Greek language, and the multiplicity of his employments, it may be believed that his knowledge of them was far from extensive. It has been as ill spoken of among Calvinists as by the Catholic themselves."

Is there any special significance attached to the word "Carmel"?

The word Carmel is of Hebrew origin and means "garden" or "garden-land."

Some years ago I read a statement in which William Jennings Bryan claimed that Catholics are free to act politically and have been unable to find a copy of it. Could you perhaps tell me where I could secure the same?

In his paper the "Commoner" under date of August 1915, Mr. Bryan wrote: "Those who have come into intimate acquaintance with representative Catholics did not need to be informed that they do not concede to the Church authorities the right to direct their course in political matters, but many Protestants, lacking this knowledge which comes with personal acquaintance, have been misled."

Where can I find something about the life of Luisa Carvajal? Was she a Catholic?

Yes, Luisa De Carvajal was a Catholic. You will find a brief but accurate account of her in the third volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

My second name is Itta and I would like to ask if that is the name of a Saint

Itta is a variant form of the name Ida. The calendar of the Saints shows twelve of the name of Ida, the most important being the one whose Feast occurs on September 4th.

Is the eunuch who was baptized by the deacon Philip a Saint and, if so, what is his name?

The eunuch who was baptized by Saint Philip, the Deacon, is known as Aethiops and is honored on August 27th as a Saint by the oriental churches.

Who were the Cainites?

The word may be taken in a two-fold sense. First, the descendants of Cain were called Cainites. In another way, the Cainites were a Gnostic sect of the second century. They were Antinomians and were never very numerous.

Conducted by Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B.

Is the story of Henry Handel Richardson entitled "Fortunes of Richard Mahoney" a safe book for Catholics to read?

The Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee recommends the book as well worth the reading.

What are the Brigittine Beads?

The Brigittine Beads are a rosary which consists of seven Our Fathers in honor of the sorrows and joys of Mary, and sixty-three Hail Marys to commemorate the years of her life.

Do the vestments that the priest wears at Mass have a particular symbolism?

Yes, each particular vestment has a beautiful symbolism attached to its use. The amice symbolizes a helmet, guarding the priest against the attacks of Satan; the alb denotes purity; the cingulum symbolizes continence; the maniple is symbolical of good works; the stole denotes authority, as well as the yoke of obedience; and the chasuble symbolizes protection or preservation from evil.

I would like to inquire if there is a Saint Mel and when her Feast is celebrated.

It just so happens that Mel is a masculine name. Yes, there is a Saint of that name, the famous Bishop of Ardagh, whose feast is celebrated on the 6th day of February. It is interesting to note that one of the large parishes in Chicago has Saint Mel as its Patron.

Could you give me any information concerning a Brother Philemon, who some years ago wrote several articles for the Catholic papers?

Your editor knows of a Brother Philemon, who was the Provincial Superior of the Brothers of Charity at Longue-Pointe in Canada. He was a contributor to the Catholic Encyclopedia, but the editor does not recall seeing any of his writings in the papers.

Was Grumidi who did fresco work at the Capitol in Washington a Catholic?

Yes, indeed. He was born in Rome of a Grecian father and Roman mother in 1805 and died in Washington in 1880. His work in Washington is still matter for admiration and some of his paintings may be found in the Cathedral of Philadelphia. Your editor has had the pleasure of viewing his paintings in both cities.

Is it true that at one time priests wore special stockings and shoes whilst saying Mass?

Yes, such was the case. But since the eighth century such practise is reserved to the exclusive use of bishops, with the privilege later given to lesser prelates. In color the stockings and shoes always correspond to the chasuble, but are never worn with black.

Are the Sisters of Saint Ann to be found only in Canada, or is there a community in the United States?

There is a community of the Sisters of Saint Ann at Saint Ann's Academy, Broad St., Marlboro, Mass.

Would you be able to tell me when the first edition of the Douay Bible was printed in America?

The first edition of the Douay Bible printed in America was brought out in 1790 by Matthew Carey, the first Catholic of prominence in the publishing trade in the United States.

Was General Rosencrans of Civil War fame a Catholic?

General Rosencrans became a convert to Catholicism whilst he was professor at West Point Military School. It is interesting to know, likewise, that the first Bishop of Columbus was a brother to General Rosencrans and also a convert.

Broadcasts from our Indian Missions

ANNOUNCER - Clara Hampton

THE SOUL OF AN INDIAN

The Indian, once powerful and rugged, owner of the whole United States, has been pushed back little by little, until he finally reached the most unprofitable land in the country, a land where man must constantly tussle with the elements in order to wring a bare living out of it, and even then, the conflict is mortal, and man is bested. It is a land of extreme temperatures, great cold in winter, sizzling heat in summer, fearful blizzards, inky dust-storms, mid-summer droughts and grass-hopper visitations; a land where every effort of mankind is blasted by the elements, where droughts ruin his crops and grass-hoppers finish them, where terrible wind-storms tear down his buildings, and fires driven by the demoniac blasts quickly lick up all that has been so laboriously built up.

That is the sort of land to which the Indian has been driven, with but little provision by his Government, left to exist as best he can, either to starve or be wiped out by disease. Yet the Indian has a soul; he has been created in the image of God, just as we were; just because he found civilization at a later date than we did is no reason why he should be neglected as so much worthless material. The Indian, when educated, has shown himself just as bright as his white brother; but who is to take up this great battle for the Indian, so that he may receive his just due, just as the negro, who has been transplanted from Africa, is being educated and civilized among us? The missionaries have taken up the cudgel; they have not made demands of the Government, but have quietly taken matters into their own hands, and are working mightily to right this great wrong that has been done our Indian brother. The Indian has a soul; has he not the right to live as well as we?

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Father Sylvester is very grateful for the faithful friends who have stood by him throughout the winter; one sent a sewing



machine, another a big batch of flour and a box of breakfast food; a third sent a can of lard, and a fourth many pairs of stockings. One man is called the "macaroni benefactor" because he periodically sends a barrel of macaroni, and is this appreciated by the kiddies! And especially so by Father, because it is such a help on the food bill. Some sent new shoes and clothing, and others, used garments. All, all were gratefully received. Shoes, even if in bad repair, are rebuilt by the budding boy shoe-repairing squad, who do some mighty good work, and what a saving that is! Send on your old shoes and clothing! New ones too, if you can. Some send nice, fresh, crisp dresses from the mail-order houses, and how thankful Sister Ambrose is, when there is no patching to do! Send yard goods too; Sister will appreciate it to make dresses and waists of.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

The Knights of Columbus of Devils Lake at a recent meeting voted \$50 to Little Flower School, and this was a most welcome gift, as Father Ambrose was almost at wit's end as to how he was to meet all the bills piling up. Being so close to the school, and seeing its work, the Knights have marvelled how the Mission has kept up during these hard times. They do what they can toward helping the cause along, and if some more organizations or sodalities would interest themselves and periodically send Father a little help, he would not have before him the constant worry of possibly having to close the school on account of lack of funds. It is very hard to have a project go along so far, and then have it fail. We must not fail, however, as the Indian children depend upon us to keep up their school; otherwise they would have nowhere to go since the Government Schools are all filled up.

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight via Rolla, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Edward Berheide, O. S. B. Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

This Mission, too, has felt the pinch of hard

(Turn to page 30)

Maid and Mother

Conducted by Clare Hampton

Mater Amabilis

It is May, and the church windows are open, and the fragrance of new-blown blossoms, and new grass-blades, and newly turned earth is in the air. The loneliness and the bleakness of winter are gone, and the promise of something richer, fuller to come, is conveyed to us—summer, rich in the fulfilment of all that Spring promised. And so the mildest, most beautiful of months is dedicated to her—to the Mother most amiable, whose robes reflect the blue of May skies, touched by fleecy white clouds, as misty and ethereal as her filmy veil.

And just as May holds the promise of something better to come, so the thought of her who reigns Queen above the boundless blue fields of the sky, reminds us of that fuller, richer life that awaits us at the end of this sorrowful, disappointing existence. Is there anyone who stands weeping and wailing, with a heart cruelly torn by pain and sorrow and adversity? Let him raise his voice and cry out to that most tender-hearted of Mothers, to her who traversed the whole gamut of pain, who drank the bitterest of all cups even to the dregs—let him tell her all, weep out his tears before her, and the answer will come, sure and certain. For never was she known to turn down anyone, to turn a deaf ear to earnest pleadings.

Many there are on this earth, who would deprive Mary of all honor, on the plea that it is not meet that we address any in prayer but God Himself. Loud in their praises of Christ, they are strangely silent about His Mother; her they ignore, as if she were unworthy of too great notice—indeed, they claim it were an insult to place our prayers in the hands of anyone but God, as if God were jealous of the great glory He Himself gave her, as if He would be pleased to have her ignored—her whom He raised to such an exalted position!

On the other hand, there are those who are her devoted servants, and it is they who shall taste of her sweetness, for the Queen never forgets. Mater Amabilis, Queen of Peace, still the turbulent voice of strife among the nations of earth, who threaten anew to tear it asunder!

Eucharistica

Down in the recesses of the Roman catacombs, in the early years of Christianity, were chiselled the rude altars on which was offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; here the faithful Christians flocked, secretly,

stealthily, by two's and three's, so as not to awaken the suspicions of their enemies, esteeming it a great privilege to be allowed to witness, even in the bowels of the earth, the priceless oblation of the Lamb of God. In those days, too, consecrated hosts were often taken from the catacombs to the prisons and the sick, where lay people communicated themselves. History repeats itself; in Russia we have the spectacle of the eradication of all religion, youth being brought up entirely on Communistic ideas, parents fined if they dare teach their own children about God.

In Mexico, not so long ago, every effort was made to wipe out religion, churches were closed, religious houses disbanded and confiscated. During these days of persecution, the Holy Father has given permission to nuns in hiding, to reserve the Holy Eucharist in their abodes and communicate themselves; even the little children they care for are permitted to pick up the Sacred Species with their tiny fingers and receive the Host themselves. Three times one convent of nuns were imprisoned, mistreated, outraged; forty of them escaped to the United States; thirty-three were obliged to discard their nun's habits and are now employed as housemaids. They await their chance to come to the Land of Liberty.

We who live in the Land of Liberty undergo no such hardships and persecutions; many of us have the church at a stone's throw from our homes, yet we value the Holy Eucharist so little that we make no extra effort beyond what is required under pain of sin on Sunday. If we love someone a great deal, we do not wait until we are forced to go to visit him. Many of us have trouble, sickness, ill fortune, yet we do not go to the *only One* Who can really help us, to lay our sorrows at His feet. How many of us think to make a Novena of Masses for that intention we desire so much? Yet hearing daily Mass is one of the most powerful pleas we can make to Almighty God!

Household Hints

Now that summer is near, it will mean a cooler kitchen and a saving in gas to purchase one of the small portable ovens and place it down in the basement over a burner on the laundry stove. All the baking can be done over one burner, and the heat remains down the basement.

Old night-gowns make excellent bags to protect delicate dresses; sew the bottom shut, slip the frock in, and pin tight at the top.

If blankets are soiled after the winter is over, they should not be put away in that condition. Wash them in rich, warm suds, rinse well, and hang out on a sunny, windy day. Do not soak them, but place directly in the warm suds; some colors are liable to run and fade if soaked.

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Where Is He?

(Continued from page 5)

There are many today who are seeking for the Spirit of Truth. Is it then so difficult to find the way that leads to Him? It should not be so difficult if we point out the way for them. To show the way is the purpose of these lines.

After His last supper Christ gave some very important instructions to His disciples. One of the most important things He told them was concerning the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete. "And I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever. The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him: but you shall know him; because he shall abide with you, and shall be in you." (John 14:16, 17).

Christ calls the Holy Ghost the Spirit of truth. Did not Christ also come to teach us truth? Does He not call Himself the truth? Yes, Christ came to teach us truth and He calls Himself the truth. He says to Pilate: "For this was I born, and for this came I into the world; that I should give testimony to the truth" (John 18:37); and to the disciples He says: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life" (John 14:6). Why then does Christ want to send another Paraclete? Christ Himself gives us the answer. "I have yet many things to say to you: but you cannot bear them now. But when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will teach you all truth." (John 16:12, 13).

Christ is not going to remain with us as teacher. He began the work, but it must be continued. Although Christ brought us all truth, man did not yet understand it all. If man would have been left to himself, if he could have relied only on his own intellectual capabilities, he would not have been able to understand fully the divinely revealed truths. Falsehoods and errors soon would have crept in. Just as children need a teacher to understand even the ordinary simple truths of life, so men need a teacher to come to some understanding of the most sublime truths. The most

brilliant mind confronting these truths is more of a child than any child in the first grade trying to solve its first little problems.

This heavenly Teacher must remain with us and we must remain with Him if truth is to remain. Christ has promised that the Paraclete will remain forever (John 14:16, 17). But Christ has not promised that all men will remain with the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth. They evidently have not done so. Just as children sometimes foolishly think they no longer need a teacher because they think themselves to be clever enough, so men have thought they could get along without the Spirit of Truth.

Christ had told the Apostles definitely where to go in order to receive the Spirit of Truth, for St. Luke tells us: "He commanded them, that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but should wait for the promise of the Father" (Acts 1:4). Jerusalem was the birthplace of Christ's Church. Its birthday was on the first Pentecost. Christ's Church is no longer merely in Jerusalem; it has gone forth with the Apostles, disciples and missionaries to every part of the globe. Wherever this Church is, there is also the spirit of truth. Just as the Apostles were able to be instructed by the Holy Ghost because they remained in Jerusalem, so still today can all men of good will be instructed by the same Holy Spirit by returning to Christ's Church or also by becoming more faithful members of it.

But where is Christ's Church? Christ's Church is there where you find truth pure and undefiled, Christ's Church is not there where you find contradictions; Christ's Church is there where you find certainty, Christ's Church is not there where you find doubts and uncertainties; Christ's Church is there where you find authority, Christ's Church is not there where you find disrespect for authority. The authority in Christ's Church must be the same authority established by Christ Himself, who built His Church upon a rock against which the gates of hell are not to prevail and which will last even unto the consummation of the world.



Notes of Interest

Benedict Brown, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—The Voice, a quarterly, which purports to be "a journal of Catholic Negro opinion, and official organ of the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States," has begun publication at Philadelphia. Mrs. Melen Pinkett, editor, expresses the hope that sufficient support may be forthcoming to make it monthly by the end of the year.

—A notable jubilee celebration was the sixtieth anniversary of the religious profession of Mother M. Baptista, of the Colored Oblates of Providence. Mother Baptista was born in Baltimore, July 9, 1850; on February 2, 1874, the now venerable religious consecrated herself to God by the vows of religion. In 1888 she was one of a small group of Oblates sent to Leavenworth, Kansas, to look after the spiritual and temporal welfare of the colored children in that city. Hers has been an extended mission for forty-six years. In her declining days Mother Baptista devotes her time to needle work, in which she excels. When the late Cardinal Gibbons was raised to his exalted office, Mother Baptista, who was then residing in Baltimore, was entrusted with the making of the first official robes of this great prince of the Church in America. His Eminence was then ecclesiastical superior of the Oblate Sisters of Providence.

—A pioneer priest of the diocese of Little Rock, who had been living in retirement in his native Switzerland since 1917, was the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John E. Weibel, who died at Lucerne on March 3rd. Ordained May 27, 1876, at Basel, he came to Arkansas in 1878 and remained there nearly forty years. As a young man he entered the Benedictine Order at Mariastein, but shortly thereafter (1874) the abbey was suppressed and he was thrown again upon his own resources. It was through the efforts of Mgr. Weibel that the Olivetan Benedictine Sisters were brought to the diocese of Little Rock. He was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He did much towards building up and maintaining Catholicity in Arkansas.

—Early in March vandals forced open the tabernacle of Holy Family Church at Cleveland. Three gold-plated ciboriums were taken and the Sacred Species were scattered about over the altar and the floor of the sanctuary. An act of reparation was made on the two following days. At Detroit three chalices were stolen from St. Cunegundis Church. Another theft is reported from Williamston, N. J., where three ciboriums were taken from the tabernacle of St. Mary's Church.

—The Boy Scout pilgrimage from Ireland to Rome left Dublin on the Cunard Liner Lancastria on March 7th under the leadership of His Eminence Cardinal MacRory, Primate of Ireland. There were about 1200 persons aboard. Of these 456 were boy scouts and 100 priests. Thirty altars were in readiness on the ship for the service of the pilgrim priests; more than 8,000

altar breads were taken along. In the oratory specially fitted up for the purpose the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. The ship with its Precious Burden was like a large floating tabernacle. The pilgrims landed at Civita Vecchia, from which place they went by train each morning to Rome and returned in the evening. The boat served as their hotel.

—On January 15th the Rev. Dr. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., editor of the *Ave Maria* for fifty-four years, died at the age of eighty-four. Born of non-Catholic parents, Father Hudson in his childhood became a convert to the Faith from Methodism. The poet Longfellow encouraged him to follow the call to the priesthood. Coming to Notre Dame, he entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross on March 7, 1871; the following year on the feast of St. Joseph he was professed as a religious, and on June 4, 1875, he was ordained a priest. In the more than half a century of his priesthood he is said to have left Notre Dame only twice—to attend the funeral of Bishop McQuaid of Rochester and that of Archbishop Spalding of Peoria. Father Hudson was a deeply religious man and a priest of God. He was constantly at his post and in the long years that he spent in the editorial sanctum he gave encouragement to many a beginner who has since attained to distinction in the field of letters.

—The Little Sisters of the Poor, who have great devotion to St. Joseph, always endeavor to make the feast a day of happiness for the old people under their care. This year in Washington the President's wife was one of the visitors at the home; in Mobile Bishop Toolen, several of his priests, and some prominent business men of the city put on aprons and waited on the old folks at dinner. Similar tokens of charity were also given the poor old folks in the homes of the Little Sisters in other cities. These little marks of attention bring cheer and happiness to those who no longer have homes of their own.

Benedictine

—Father Adelhelm Hess, O. S. B., who has been in charge of the weather observation bureau at Conception Abbey since its inception four decades ago, was recently congratulated by the weather department at Washington for the forty years of splendid service which he has rendered gratis all these years. The weather bureau at Conception is one of six stations in Missouri. All together there are 7,000 cooperative stations which report each day to the department in Washington the temperature, weather, velocity and direction of the wind, storms, etc. The instruments necessary for recording these observations are furnished by the government. With all this information from every section of the land the weatherman at Washington can sit in his swivel chair and make a pretty accurate guess as to

what the weather is likely to be in various parts of the country for the coming twenty-four hours.

—The Benedictine Sisters in the United States, who now number about 5,000, are distributed among thirty-one mother houses. The principal work done by these religious is teaching. They conduct about 500 parochial schools, a number of academies, fifty high schools, besides teachers' normals, and colleges for women. Some have care of orphanages, Indian missions, and perform other works of mercy, including the nursing of the sick in nine hospitals that they maintain. Several communities have printing plants and publish Catholic literature. In 1887 a number of sisters left St. Walburg's Convent at Elizabeth, N. J., for Ecuador in South America. However, because of political troubles in that country all were finally expelled in 1902. Another foreign mission was undertaken in 1930 when St. Benedict's Convent at St. Joseph in Minnesota sent six sisters to Peiping, China, to establish a college for women in connection with the Catholic University in that city. While most of our American Benedictine Sisters are under episcopal jurisdiction, eleven convents have affiliated with the Cassinese Benedictine Congregation and form the Congregation of St. Scholastica. In South America, as in Europe, the Benedictine nuns are cloistered and exempt and many of their houses are governed by abbesses.

—Father Hildebrand Hoepfl, O. S. B., a monk of Gruessau Abbey in Silesia, dean of the theological faculty in the international Benedictine college at Rome and professor of Scripture studies there for more than a quarter of a century, died after a brief illness on Feb. 14th. The deceased was well known. Besides being a member of two Congregations, the Oriental and the Holy Office, he was likewise a member of the Biblical Commission. Dom Hildebrand was born Nov. 25, 1872; on Sept. 8, 1894, he was professed and was given holy orders on Sept. 21, 1899. Having made special studies in the Sacred Scriptures in the Holy Land, where the Word of God was communicated to man, he was well versed in the sacred writings. In order to become more familiar with St. Paul, Dom Hildebrand in his travels went over the same routes that the Apostle of the Gentiles followed. The deceased has left to posterity a number of books on the Scriptures of which he was the author.

—The Rt. Rev. Stanislaus Tayler, O. S. B., Titular Abbot of Reading, formerly Abbot of St. Edward's Abbey, Douai, at Woolhampton, England, died on Feb. 23 at the age of seventy-one in the fifty-second year of his religious profession and the forty-sixth of his priesthood. The deceased was born at Liverpool but was educated at Douai. In 1903 this community was exiled from France. Two years previous to this, however, Dom Stanislaus had been appointed Prior of the dependent Priory of Malvern. After the expulsion he established the monastery and the school at Woolhampton and in 1905 was elected first Abbot of the English foundation. In 1913 he resigned and was appointed Titular Abbot of Reading. Dom Silvester Mooney, O. S. B., present Abbot of Woolhampton, celebrated the Pontifical Funeral Requiem.

Mother of God Scholarship



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THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.



Echoes from our Abbey and Seminary

Benedict Brown, O. S. B.

—The Very Rev. Joseph J. Wahlen, M. S. F., superior of the Missionaries of the Holy Family at St. Louis, was a guest at the Abbey at the beginning of March. He came in the interest of the *Holy Family Magazine*, which is printed monthly by the Abbey Press.

—The state fire instructor spent several days with us early in March. While here he demonstrated the use of the fire-fighting apparatus that was recently installed and gave instructions as to what should be done, and how, in case of fire.

—Father Abbot conducted the Forty Hour Devotion at St. John's Church, Vincennes, on March 11, 12, 13. He closed the week with another Forty Hour Devotion, which was held at Assumption Church, Indianapolis, on March 16, 17, 18.

—During the night of March 14th Father Francis, pastor at Huntingburg, became quite ill. Father Gabriel went over at an early hour to administer to the parish. Before returning for class, he administered the last sacraments to the sick priest, whose case the doctor had pronounced serious. At the present writing (April 11) the patient is improving but is not yet able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. An attack of the flu brought on a weakened heart.

—The priests of the Jasper deanery gathered at the Abbey Church to spend an hour of adoration from 2 to 3 on the afternoon of March 15th. This hour was kept in memory of the nineteenth centenary of the institution of the Holy Eucharist. The Very Rev. Dean, Father Basil Heusler, O. S. B., was in charge of the ceremonies. The priests and the clerics of the community, together with the seminarians, also attended this holy hour. The students of the Minor Seminary, who were quarantined for measles at the time, spent an hour in their own chapel.

—Before the five o'clock Mass on the morning of March 18th Father Prior invested Mr. James Weldon of Terre Haute with the habit of St. Benedict. The new novice thus began his year of probation in preparation for entrance into the lay brotherhood. May God give him the grace of perseverance in his holy vocation and also send us many more good young men with vocations to the lay brotherhood. Because of the lack of sufficient vocations, it is necessary for us to hire eighty-five laymen to take care of the work that should be allotted to lay brothers.

—After Terce on March 18th the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in accordance with the wishes of the Holy Father that the faithful might spend an hour in adoration in memory of the institution of the Holy Eucharist and of the Passion and Death of the Savior. Conventual High Mass followed immediately thereafter, then came the parochial High Mass. Members of the community kept half-hour adorations from the end of the second Mass until 2 p. m., when the faithful of the parish had an hour in common. The monks then sang Vespers, which closed with Benediction.

—Father Walter Sullivan returned March 19th from St. Joseph's Infirmary at Louisville, where he had spent several months taking the rest cure. To all appearances the cure has been effective.

—On March 26th the daily papers carried the announcement that Rome had appointed Bishop Ritter to the See of Indianapolis as successor to the late lamented Bishop Chartrand, who died on December 8th. Official notification of the appointment was heralded with joy three days later. *Alma Mater* offers heartiest congratulations to His Excellency on the choice made by the Holy See. Bishop Ritter is the first Bishop of Indianapolis who was born in the diocese, made his full course at St. Meinrad, and then became Ordinary of our diocese. New Albany gave him birth, St. Meinrad prepared him for the priesthood and saw him receive holy orders in the Abbey Church, Indianapolis has been the field of his priestly labors. Bishop Chartrand, the late Ordinary, made his theological studies in our seminary, and the former Auxiliary, Bishop O'Donaghue, began his ecclesiastical studies with us. *Ad multos annos, dear Bishop!*

—Father Bede Maler, who has been chaplain at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, for a number of years past, has now been relieved of his burden. His remaining days, however, will be spent at the hospital, where he can receive the medical attention that his advancing years and poor health require. The infirmities incident to his four score years and five make this change welcome to him. Father Bede is the senior priest of our community. Five priests of the Abbey have sped by the eightieth milestone of life and all are still able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice each day; two others have gone beyond the three-score-ten mark, while ten have three score plus to their credit and are headed for the fourth. Age is not a respecter of dignity or person.

My Cloister Garden

CHARLES DUESING

My cloister garden! Golden mine
For golden thoughts! My outdoor shrine
That serves so well to elevate
My thoughts to pray and meditate.

By day thy sun bids me to see
The beauties God hath wrought for me;
Thy stars, all mighty suns, invite
By night my homage to God's might.

While treading all those paths I love,
My soul, Lord, to Thy realms above,
Where Thou dost reign 'mid heaven's choirs
In yearning fancies soars, aspires.

Our nature's solitary boast,
Now Queen of all the heavenly host,
At Thy right hand enthroned I see,
Thy Mother—Mother, too, to me.

O Heavenly Mother, keep thy child
From sin henceforward undefiled.
And when my earthly course is run,
Lead thou me to my Spouse, Thy Son.

Those dear to me that dwell outside
My cloister garden, I confide
To thy protection, Mother, too,
Oh! draw them, hold them, near to you.

I give thanks for my sheltered life
Far from the world's turmoil and strife.
Grant I may spend it, every day,
More perfectly—for this I pray.

The yoke is sweet, the burden light,
And eagerly I wage the fight.
But fight it is and aid I need,
For grace and light and strength I plead.

Come, death! Thou art my victory.
Come, grave! Thy thought is sweet to me.
When my clay frame is laid to rest,
Please God I shall be with Thy blest.

My cloister garden! Golden mine
Of golden thoughts! My outdoor shrine
That serves so well to elevate
My thoughts to pray and meditate.

—Marmion, our high school at Aurora, Ill., to which place the faculty of Jasper Academy was transferred last summer, is making its mark in the basketball world. Under Coach Bond, who formerly managed successful teams at Jasper, Marmion has won numerous laurels and trophies. Father Norbert, headmaster of the school, was recently elected President of the National Catholic High School Association for the coming year. Until last summer he had been president of the Indiana State Catholic Association from its establishment in 1928.

Why Wasn't I Told Sooner

(Continued from page 9)

and say: 'Only a God could devise such design. Be He praised and thanked forever!' Now Ralph, you take these two booklets and read them. They are written by priests who are both lovers of youth: the one, 'Safeguards of Chastity' by Father Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M.; the other, 'The Heart of a Young Man,' by Father Lionel Pire, C. PP. S. There is a third one that is very good, namely, 'Chums,' by Dr. Winfried S. Hall. The other two books will suit your father's purpose better: 'Sex Education and Training to Chastity' by Father Felix Kirsch, O. M. Cap. and the other, 'Watchful Elders,' by Father Kilian Hennrich, O. M. Cap."

"Just one more word, Father," appealed Ralph, "tell me, why wasn't I told sooner? How beautiful your explanation was, how sacred the idea! Why do we boys have to get it from the street after it has been besmirched by the gutter filth?"

"Yes, yes, it is too bad," conceded Father Gilbert with a heavy heart. "But better late than never. Hie thee away now, Ralph. It is getting late and your father will soon begin to worry about you unless you show up soon."

"Good night, Father."

"Good night, Ralph."

Father Gilbert stood motionless and kept on repeating to himself: "Yes, why aren't they told sooner?"

Nowhere shall we find any mystery which shadows forth so many of the Divine Perfections as the Blessed Sacrament. —Faber.

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The Oldest Witness

(Continued from page 13)

abandon. Bishop Bazin was the first to be consecrated in the cathedral. My song of joy was turned to that of sorrow six months later when the good bishop was carried away by an illness of only a few days, and his body was laid at rest in the crypt by the side of his fellow bishops.

"My sorrow was somewhat alleviated by the consecration of Bishop de St. Palais, in the cathedral, on the 14th day of January, 1849. Under his guiding hand the church took great strides forward. At the time of his consecration he held jurisdiction over the whole state of Indiana which boasted of 35 priests, 50 churches, and a flock of about 30,000 souls. When he died in 1877, the state had been subdivided and the diocese of Fort Wayne had been erected, embracing about one-half the territorial area of the state, and yet the portion still embraced in the diocese of Vincennes contained 117 priests, 151 churches and a population of about 90,000. The bishop himself ordained ninety priests, 40 of them being ordained in the cathedral. The body of this zealous bishop was also laid at rest in the crypt of his cathedral church.

"Again I was temporarily saddened when, after the consecration of Francis Silas Chatard, fifth bishop of Vincennes, it was announced that the See of the diocese was to be moved to Indianapolis. It was bound to be so, but yet it left a vacant place in my heart. My beloved cathedral was henceforth to go under the name of "old cathedral," and as the "old cathedral" it has gone on serving the faithful down through the years. Its pastors have come and gone, they have come and served their God, and have gone to their eternal reward as have the good pastors and bishops before them. All excellent men they were. Seven of them were raised to the dignity of the Episcopacy; two of these were made Archbishops.

"Those were some of the things that I saw.

"My life has been singularly undisturbed and tranquil since the days of those first four bishops. I live, but I live more in the past. I cannot help but think of the glories that were; the greater portion of my day is spent in dreaming of them.

"To-day I look about me from my position in the tower as I did on that first occasion over 200 years ago. I marvel at the change. The spot where old Fort Sackville stood is marked by a splendid granite memorial to George Rogers Clark and his band of sharpshooters, completed within the last year. Within a few hundred feet of the memorial and the cathedral, at the place where Abraham Lincoln crossed the Wabash while on his migratory journey to Illinois in 1830, is an artistic concrete bridge also recently completed. The old French cemetery by the side of the cathedral remains as it was two centuries ago, with the exception that, whereas in former times it was surrounded by the adobe huts of the villagers, it is now hemmed in by the new Clark Memorial park, while the adobe cottages have given place to the modern buildings of the progressive city of Vincennes.

"Daily do I see scores of visitors approach the church beneath me. They come to see this ancient cathedral church of the Vincennes diocese. They come to see the treasures that it contains: the simple but magnificent altar, the throne of the bishops, the sanctuary in which two of the bishops were consecrated and seventy-five priests ordained, the old pulpit from which the word of God has passed to generations, the ancient art-glass windows, the oil paintings of the Stations of the Cross imported from France a century ago. They go down into the crypt and there in the silence of that little chapel pray earnestly to the four saintly men whose bodies are buried beneath the sanctuary floor. Leaving the church, they cross over to the old Library and inspect its precious books and relics. They see the old French cemetery and the old St. Rose chapel. In the rear of the rectory they find the remnants of one of the brick buildings occupied by the first ecclesiastical seminary in the diocese.

"All these things they see. I see them too; but I see more than that. From my belfry home I look out beyond the city, out over the entire state of Indiana. I see the hundreds of Catholic churches, the schools, seminaries, colleges, convents, monasteries, hospitals, orphanages, and other Catholic institutions that are devoted to the service of God, and I know that they are all resting on the firm foundation laid by those early bishops and priests of the St. Francis Xavier church. I see the wonderful progress

that the Church in Indiana has made within these last 200 years. I thank God that it is so. I thank Him for having permitted me to be of assistance to those early pioneers, for having permitted me to play at least a small part in the development of His Church. I beseech Him to permit me to continue in my work, to ring on through the years, singing out the Angelus, tolling over the dead, calling the faithful to worship, ringing on and on, on and on..."

Bishop Brute - Knight

(Continued from page 15)

Him when he became a priest? Glance at one of his notes: "Celebrated Mass; Jesus Christ present... Returned to the Church, opened the Tabernacle, and took out the Blessed Sacrament. Went... through the woods, our Blessed Lord on my breast. Said Beads with acts of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament at the end of each decade." He frequently noted down in his memoranda how often he opened or closed the tabernacle or touched the Blessed Sacrament. "This is fifth time to-day I have touched my Lord and Savior." This constant communing with his God was of course noticeable exteriorly; everyone who came in contact with him instinctively sensed the presence of a saint. When he said Holy Mass his whole face was radiant with a supernatural joy and at the moment of consecration he seemed to be carried out of himself. It was at the tabernacle, where he was often found far into the night prostrate before the altar, that he obtained the secret power and strength by which he accomplished such untold good.

Thus we can form a picture of the interior life of Simon Brute. There is a spirit of tender piety, simple faith, burning zeal, and consuming charity permeating his whole spiritual being. His was a soul hidden with Christ in God, yet the flame of divine love that glowed in his breast was too brilliant to be long concealed. In the latter part of his life his light was to shine before men; his greatness of soul was to be revealed by his fruitful labors as the first Bishop of Vincennes. The results of his zealous struggles in the wilderness are well known.

Who are they who may call him Father? They are the millions of Catholics residing in

the dioceses of Indianapolis and Fort Wayne in Indiana, and in the great archdiocese of Chicago and the other Sees in Illinois. In Brute's day this vast territory had but three priests and two of those were borrowed. Now Chicago alone has hundreds of Churches and schools well taken care of by innumerable priests and religious. Not only is this section of the country indebted to his ardent zeal, but the whole country at large must give him the credit that is his due. The Body of the saintly Brute reposes in the crypt of the Old Cathedral at Vincennes; his spirit is still directing the Church whose feeble steps he guided so well in her infancy. On earth he prayed for her before the Blessed Sacrament; in Heaven he continues to pray for her. But what a difference! The veil has been drawn aside. Bishop Brute, now enrolled among the Saints, gazes upon the beautiful face of the God he loved to adore in the Blessed Sacrament.

Rainbow's End

(Continued from page 6)

when the shower had subsided, she tried again. Little by little it gave way; at last, with a little squeak from the rusty hinges, she succeeded in raising the glass frame. Instantly several black rivulets of dirty water poured in, released from some depression in the roof.

Again she was obliged to jump aside, so as not to be drenched; gingerly then, she stood outside the line of drops and pushed up with the pole again, holding the sash open several inches.

"Ah, doesn't that air feel good!" she said in a low voice, drawing a deep breath. They instinctively spoke in low voices, lest the men in the other room hear what they said. Myra was not sure on whose side the old woman was; she determined to find out whether Aunt Jinny was an accomplice or not. In a few minutes, a small pool of water had gathered on the floor, and Myra had much ado not to stand in it.

"You'd better close the thing now, for awhile," said the old lady. "That water might leak through the flooring and bring the landlady up. She didn't look very pleasant to me." Myra obeyed, albeit reluctantly, for the very thought of a room without ventilation almost

smothered her. She set the pole in a corner and seated herself on the edge of one of the beds. It was a gray morning, and but little light filtered in from the sky-light, so the old lady pulled the string switch which controlled the high electric light.

"Aunt Jinny," now began Myra, "I want to ask you something."

"What?"

"Did you know those men were going to bring me to that shack?" The old lady seated herself beside Myra; it was the first chance they had to talk alone.

"No, I didn't, Miss," she replied in a half-whisper. "That tall one, Red, is my nephew; I'm his father's half sister, you see. I hadn't seen Red since he was a little boy; he came out for a visit of three weeks once, when his mother was sick. His father sent him; she died soon after, and I hadn't heard a word from any of them since—that is, not until the day Red and his friends came with you. I've lived in that house for years. My husband built it; he's dead now."

"I see; did you know I was being kidnapped?"

"No, I didn't; but I guessed as much. I didn't want to meddle. Red can be very rough at times."

"Yes, so I noticed. But I suppose it was his lack of training, his mother and father being dead and all—"

"Yes, Miss, I suppose that's it, and then he probably got into bad company and went wrong. Aren't you afraid, Miss?"

"Call me Myra when we're alone, but not before the men. No, I'm not afraid any more; I was before I knew what they were going to do with me."

"And you're going to give him that big sum of money, just for the asking?"

"Well, I suppose it is no more than right, being he is a relative."

"I'm a relative too, but I don't want any of

it. It belongs to you; if you took care of Berenice—I never knew her; just heard that my brother had married her) you have a right to it. I think it's shameful to act like a lot of greedy pigs about a person's money after he's dead." They talked a while longer, and then there was a noise at the door; then all was silent. They did not speak, but just sat, watching the door. A moment later the key was inserted and Red entered; evidently he had been listening at the keyhole.

"Hm, gettin' real chummy, eh?" he sneered. "I'd advise you two not to get too thick; hear?" At first Myra burned to tell him what she thought, but decided it was better to keep silence; the less Red knew about her thoughts and feelings, and her conversation with old Aunt Jinny, the better.

"Red," said Aunt Jinny, "what do you think about breakfast? I suspect the young lady is hungry."

"I'll get to that later. What I want to know just now, is, what size dress do you wear, lady? I'm goin' over to town to get you somethin' to wear. We're goin' to the bank this afternoon, see?"

"I see," said Myra. "I wear size 38. You might get something in dark blue, with a hat to match. Also a light-weight coat of the same color."

"Ya don't need a coat; it's warm out."

"But it was quite chilly this morning; the old one I had on felt quite comfortable."

"I ain't got much money, lady. It wouldn't be enough for a coat. You can get it yourself after we get the money from the bank."

"Very well; and I really would like something hot to eat. We've had nothing but cold sandwiches since we left the shack, you know."

"O. K., lady. I'll have 'em send up somethin' from the dinin' room. I'll be right back as soon as I get your dress and hat." With that, he was gone. Myra rose and secured the pole again.

"Let's see if it's still raining," she said jocosely, feeling strangely light-hearted, as if her troubles would soon be over. She raised the sash, and this time only a few dirty drops reached the floor. "I believe it's stopping," she said, trying to see the sky. "The clouds seem to be loose and broken up." Having held the sash open for some minutes, she let it down again, as it was heavy, and enough air had filtered in to

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make the place bearable. Seating herself upon the bed, she noted that the old lady had laid her tired body on the other cot and had her eyes closed. The old, faded dress, the grayed, wispy hair, and the thin, wrinkled face and work-worn hands stirred the girl to pity. Then for the first time she realized that she, too, was weary from the long ride in the out-at-heels car, a far from comfortable vehicle. So she lay down to rest too, and almost instantly fell asleep.

They were both awakened by a knock at the door. Myra leaped up and walked over to it.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"I've brought your breakfast up," replied a voice, that of the slatternly young woman who had shown them to their rooms.

"I can't open; I haven't the key." Here a voice from next door was heard, and footsteps approached. Then a key rattled in the lock. The door opened and disclosed Spotty, who had been given the key in Red's absence. The young woman entered and set the large tray on one of the cots. It contained coffee, bacon and eggs, and buttered toast. The woman left the room, followed by Spotty, who locked the door again and walked away. Myra and Aunt Jinny set to and ate with a good appetite, the steaming coffee, though muddy and bitter, seeming like nectar and ambrosia in their famished, chilled state.

After about an hour, Red returned, a long, flat box under one arm, and a square one under the other. Having called Spotty, the door was unlocked and he entered.

"Here's your dress and hat."

"What time is it?" asked Myra.

"Eleven o'clock. What do you want to know for?"

"I thought if it was all the same to you, I'd dress and we'd go to the bank at once. I want to get home."

"O. K. Suits me; I didn't want to rush ya."

When he was gone, Myra set to work to open the boxes with great exhilaration; she wondered that Red never suspected that trying to get such an amount from a bank without bank-book or other identification might not be such a smooth affair. At any rate, most anything might happen, and she welcomed any stumbling-block that might come up. She drew out a rather plain, dark-blue crepe frock from

the one box, and a quite presentable blue chip hat from the other. As there was no mirror in the room, she had no way of telling whether the outfit became her or not. However, she combed her hair and made it presentable, then put on the hat and waited for Red to return.

"Aunt Jinny," she said, seating herself beside the old woman, who smiled at her out of sad eyes, "where will you be after I get the money? You're not going back to that shack again?" Aunt Jinny shrugged.

"Where will I go? I suppose Red will take me back."

"I want you to come with me, Aunt Jinny; will you?"

"Oh now, Myra, you're too good. You've only known me these three or four days. I'm surprised you trust me, what with Red and these other fellows hanging around my house."

"I believe you told me the truth, Aunt Jinny, and I'm going to take you home with me. Look at those hands; you poor dear! You must have had to work very hard all your life!" The old woman stared at Myra queerly, then her chest began to heave; suddenly she placed her hands over her eyes and burst into tears.

"Why Aunt Jinny! What's the matter?" It was some moments before the tears subsided. Then she spoke.

"Myra, forgive me! I did lie to you! I'm not Red's aunt; he and the boys always come to my shack to hide out after a 'job.' I've been hiding them for five years off and on now. They pay me a little. Now you know what I am! Oh, I wish I were dead, but I didn't have any money, and that seemed an easy way to get it!"



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For answer, Myra laid her hand on that of the old woman.

"I'm taking you with me anyway—if you promise never to have anything more to do with Red and his pals. I'll see that you will be taken care of." Aunt Jinny grasped both Myra's hands and kissed them convulsively.

"I promise, Myra, but I'm not worth it."

"Oh yes you are; any human soul is worth being kind to."

"Just for that I'll tell you something else, Myra. Red's real name isn't John Tranon. It's Jimmy Morris; John Tranon used to be his pal, but he was shot dead in a fight. Jimmy got the lawyer's letter and pretended he was John. That's how he got all the details of the will; then he plotted with Slim and Spotty how they could get the money out of you." Myra sat bolt upright, her eyes dilated; footsteps sounded outside. Red was coming; she must think fast. She must go through with it, as though she still believed he were John Tranon; she must depend upon future developments as they occurred. She would find some way. Red knocked.

"Ready, lady?" Myra played for time.

"Not quite; can you give me ten minutes more?"

"O. K., but hurry up." He paced the hall while she looked around for paper. Suddenly her eye lit on the wall calendar. She tore off a leaf; but she had no pencil. She looked about the room; on the cot lay the pins she had

taken out of the costume and the hat, fastening the price tags. She sat down, and with a pin, pricked the following message on the wrong side of the calendar leaf:

"Am kidnapped. Police come Indianapolis Bank and Trust Co."

Then she folded it up into a minute square and slipped it behind John Shane's fraternity ring, in her palm.

"Aunt Jinny, you stay in this room; don't let them take you back to the shack. Pretend you're deathly ill. I'll come back for you!" she whispered. Then, "All right, Mr. Red. I'm ready!"

The lock clicked; Red stood at the door waiting for her. (To be continued)

Broadcast from our Indian Missions

(Continued from page 19)

times. It seems the Missions keep up by God's Providence alone; sometimes the missionary does not know where his next dollar is coming from, and this, with over two hundred children to provide for, is no pleasant thought. Recently, Father Justin purchased seven hundred bushels of potatoes for his kiddies; they had to be hauled two hundred miles, and cost \$350.00. Of course, Father did not have the money, but the little ones had to be fed. There is a \$643.00 grocery bill staring him in the face too. What a help it would be if some owners of food stores or factories, would occasionally send a few cases of canned goods or dry groceries to the Mission! Such gifts help Father to stretch what little money he has, so as to keep those bothersome bills paid. Roll a can of corn or beans, or a box of cereal, or a couple of bars of soap in your next clothing package. If 500 readers would each send one article, that would be something!

ST. ANNE'S—BELCOURT.

On the first Thursday of each month the Sisters bring the children over from the Government School to the church for confession, and on First Fridays, they go to Holy Communion. The Indian people seem to take very readily to this First Friday devotion. The First Friday in January was extremely cold; nevertheless, there was a very good attendance for Mass and Holy Communion.

Besides their work in school, the Sisters also visit the sick at their homes and in the hospital, and even assist at the bedside of the dying. Sister Flavia took charge of the choir immediately upon her arrival, and, thanks to her, there has been a 500% improvement. She had choir practise during the week at the convent, and in spite of deep snow and stormy weather, the Indians came several miles to attend. This is better than some city choirs can boast, with the church only a stone's throw from their homes.



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